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THE PASTIME.

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Editorial Note.

THE publication of the PASTIME has been delayed for a few days by the illness of one of the Editors. It is now brought forward with some hurry of preparation, and the first number rather prematurely submitted to the public. Readers will therefore judge candidly of a specimen which the Editors themselves have not had time to examine: and critics will have the lenity not to make *game* of those who have done their best to provide them with an agreeable *pastime*.

IT was not without much hesitancy that the project of this paper was adopted. The extreme uncertainty of public encouragement, is a barrier to literary exertions, which few have the resolution to encounter, and still fewer the perseverance to surmount. There are difficulties and dangers in the way of every literary adventurer which experience only can foresee, and fortitude only can withstand. The caprice of readers who do not know their own taste, and the vanity of writers who will not know their own defects, must be humoured, and must be borne. An Editor is like a farmer's drudge horse; any body may use, every body may abuse, but no one is compelled to treat him kindly.

SUCH considerations staggered our resolution, but others pressed us forward to persevere. We sat upon the shore, and beheld the sea on which we were about to embark, covered with wrecks. But the clouds broke as we gazed upon the distant horizon. We knew that the waters had been passed, and that they might be passed again. The pleasures of literature stole upon our view, and we smiled upon its difficulties.

THUS determined, our first number is abruptly submitted to the public. With the trembling hand, the beating heart, and the moisten'd eye of a parent, we give this infant to be fostered

by their care, to be supported by their munificence. Our little work is left with them: and when it shall become unworthy of patronage, it is their duty to consign it to the shades of oblivion.

Original Papers.

THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY,

Of Union College, celebrated their anniversary on the evening of the 17th of December, before a crowded and respectable audience. The exercises were introduced by an oration on Fanataicism, from Mr. Beck, and one on the Arts and Sciences, from Mr. Empie. To these succeeded the comedy of the Happy Family, and the after-piece of the Weathercock.

By this arrangement the advocates for original, and those for selected subjects, were both gratified. It is our opinion, and we venture to pronounce it the sentiment of the audience in general, that this of the three modes, is to be preferred. It introduces that variety, which is expected from exhibitions of this nature; that variety which is calculated to entertain all classes, while it can give offence to none.

The play selected for the occasion, is capable of receiving the most highly wrought interest, and of imparting the most grateful sensibilities. Like most of the German plays, it depends upon auxiliaries for much of its support. The same remark applies to the after-piece. It is a laughable trifle; but its humour receives great aid from the charms of dress and scenery. An inconvenience of no mean consideration arises from the want of proper representatives to female characters. Whatever dress may do, something is still wanting to give a feminine air to the women of our stage. The gallantry of modern dramatists, has alotted no inconsiderable share of interest to the parts of the ladies. Indeed, there are plays which wholly depend upon these parts for support. This is a serious inconvenience: and can only be remedied by a recourse to such philosophical writers, as can do without the fair. The alternative is, to furnish a *classical seraglio*, or to procure the plays for college representation from *Bachelor's Hall.*

On the acting itself we must speak in general terms. The sentiment of the dialogue rather bordered upon declamation, and the humours approached too nearly to buffoonery. The medium between *character* and *characture*, is by no means easily to be preserved: but a sacred regard should be had to this medium. The golden rule of acting is *not to o'erstep the modesty of nature.* Some of the performers were lavish of their

voice. To economise the voice is the most necessary policy of public speaking. The natural tone can be distinguished with more ease, and with infinitely more pleasure, than the overstrained effort of a speaker *determined* to be heard.

To speak more particularly, there were none of the performers destitute of merit. Mr. Empie, Mr. Cuyler, Mr. Beck, Mr. Cady, Mr. Dodge, Mr. Wynkoop, Mr. Lansing, and Mr. Janes, sustained the parts severally alotted to them, with excellent discrimination. Mr. Reynolds appeared to be perfectly at home. Mr. Clark's acting—"*good.*"

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

London, Feb. 23, 1806.

—— You must not be surprised if you see the Young Roscius ere long in America. Here, he is no longer new, and therefore he is no longer a wonder, for in London the want of novelty is unpardonable. He is still admired to be sure, but it is quite unfashionable to be in raptures with his acting. The question, "*How do you like the Young Roscius?*" is answered by a grave and long criticism on little faults, but all ending that he is a prodigy. No one seems disposed to condemn, what every one was once compelled to extol. He has many partizans to be sure, but the faint praises of his friends are lost in the general cry for *something new.* "The fairies who presided over the acting of young Betty, protected him from rational criticism, till time chased away all tiny agency, and left him to engage on equal ground with his giant competitors."

But to view him candidly, he has powers of the first order: and nothing is wanting but the maturity of those powers to give him a decided advantage over his theatrical adversaries. He is a perfect master of attitude, and a perfect model of ease and elegance of gesture. He is not often defective in discrimination. His features are capable of the finest expression. His voice, which is breaking, is at present very disagreeable. Some people declare that it was never good: and some too assert that he has lost much of the spirit with which he formerly played: perhaps so, for the bent bow will relax.

It is said that Master Betty has completed an engagement with the Managers of Drury-lane Theatre, for the next season. His terms are reduced from 100 guineas a night, to 20 pounds. If so, his friends are greatly to be blamed. To keep him before the public at present will be impolitic, but to keep him on the London boards, will be ruinous. If he must play, let him go where he will be *new*, and where the fame of his talents will still make him *wonderful.*

Fine Arts.

It is surprising that so many efforts as have been directed to a good likeness of Gen. HAMILTON, should have been attended with so little success. *Robertson's* print is a wretched characture; that of *Field* has great merit as an engraving, but it does not approach so nearly to a resemblance as *Fairman's* copy from the bust. This picture, which is executed with that elegance and fidelity that characterise all the productions of this self taught artist, is looked upon as the most valuable memento of this great American. We are ready to exclaim with Hamlet:

"See, what a grace is seated on his brow;
——————"the *front of Jove* himself;
"An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
"A combination, and a form indeed,
"Where ev'ry god did seem to set his seal,
"To give the world assurance of a *Man*.

Variety.

Launcelot Langstaff, Esq. has undertaken to amuse the New-Yorkers with his "*whim-whams and opinions:*" and Launcelot can spoil eight pages as merrily as any wag who knows how to laugh. There is something so bewitchingly good humoured in Salmagundi's impudence, that one cannot help enjoying his satire, tho' he feels the lash of its cat-o'-nine tails. Launcelot prefaces his paper with a grave strip of latin, and tells his readers very truly and very learnedly:

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmanazar.*

It was the desire of Sir William Jones, with reference to the friendship that had existed between himself and the late Lord Ashburton, that the following simple couplet might alone distinguish his tomb:

"With none to flatter, none to recommend,
"DUNNING approv'd, and mark'd him as a friend.

In the same spirit, Lord Brook, desirous only of commemorating his intimacy with Sir Philip Sidney, directed the following inscription to declare that he had been

"Servant to Queen Elizabeth,
"Counsellor to King James,
"And friend to Sir Philip Sidney."

Contempt, said Moliere, is a pill which may be swallowed, but which it is impossible to chew without making wry faces.

We persevere in the pursuits of life, with an energy and resolution proportioned to our sense of their importance. The flame which is kindled by the intemperate enthusiasm of imagination, soon wastes itself: but judgment supplies the fire of reason with fuel, and nothing can extinguish it but the want of those aids which constitute its support.

Our ancient ladies should be respected, and taken care of, observed a physician, for if girls continue to dress as they now do, old women will soon be extinct.

A late marriage is thus announced:—"Mr. Frost to Miss Snow"——"*Hail* wedded love."

In this passage of Thomson's Autumn, v. 230:

> "He saw her charming; but he saw not *half*
> "The charms her downcast modesty *conceal'd*:"

The author seems to imply that Palemon saw some, though *not half* of the charms Lavinia's "downcast modesty CONCEAL'D." The London Monthly Mirror notices the circumstance, and *assures* its readers that Mr. Thomson was born in *Scotland*, and *not in Ireland*.

The ancient town of Shrewsbury told James that they wished his majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon, and stars endured. "Then my successor," said the monarch shrewdly, "must govern by *candle light*."

The men of Coventry once addressed Queen Elizabeth in the following lines:

> We men of Coventry
> Are very glad to see
> Your gracious Majesty—
> Good Lord! how fair you be!

To which she replied in the spirit of the address:

> My gracious Majesty
> Is very glad to see,
> You men of Coventry—
> Good Lord! what fools you be!

To the Author of the Farmer's Boy.

Bloomfield, thy happy-omend name,
Is earnest of thy future fame;
Sense, feeling, taste, this sentence give,
While Fields shall Bloom, thy verse shall live!

The coincidence of names is sometimes singularly amusing. *Sharpe's* needle and pin manufactory, *Steele's* store for edged tools, *Goodluck* & *Fortune's* lottery-office, *Ironside's* hardware store; *Glass*, framer and glazier; *Brick*, master mason, and *Brush*, house painter, are places and persons well known to traders. A wag coming late in the evening from Troy, observed that *Pye's* was the most *palatable* tavern in Christendom.

A foreigner announces in a Boston paper, a remarkable exhibition, called the *Phantasmagoria*, by which shades are made to assume a natural form: the process being pronounced the same as that by which *the Witch of Endor* raised the shade of *Samuel*. The "*Giant Goliath*," says the advertisement, "*will be represented to the natural; and agreeably entertain the audience by smiling and making very pleasant faces!*"

Selected Poetry.

We once feared that LODINUS, the melancholy bard whose dulcet strains breathe such enchanting music, had hung his harp upon the willows. But notes have lately stolen to our ear, which swell with the majesty of his voice, which glow with the lightning of his eye. We have transcribed them; and doubt not that our readers, like ourselves, will often pause to admire the beauty of passages, which none but a poet could so finely conceive, and none but a poet could so elegantly express.—*Ed. Pastime.*

TO GENERAL MOREAU,

ON HIS ARRIVAL IN AMERICA.

CHIEF of the pensive mein, and brow severe,
Great in thy vict'ries, greater in thy woe!
Accept the social sigh, the social tear,
And all a nation's welcome can bestow!
Majestic exile! fated to resign
The plumed helm, the fulchion's massy glare
Oh still the warrior glance is thine,
And glory imag'd there!
Methinks, thy deeds of daring now
Are written on that lofty brow;
Still o'er that form their recent lustre shed,
Like summer's twilight, when the sun hath fled.

And, oh forgive the bard, whose infant lyre,
E'er now, attun'd to love alone,

Hath never glow'd with martial fire,
  Nor struck the trumpet tone—
Forgive, if, trembling at the task, he frame
  A feeble verse, unworthy of thy name.
    Ah! he had learnt a loftier flight
    On Suabia's plain, or Brisgaw's height;
    When *Albs lone summit, clad in age,
    Shook to the dubious battle's rage,
    And, through her forests, dark and drear,
    The cry of carnage met the ear.

†Or where the warrior's form was seen to glide,
At midnight, o'er the torrent tide!
And, o'er, round Strasburgh's spiry head
The silver gleam of morn was shed,
Rush'd through the cannon's kindling roar,
And fearless scal'd the embattled shore.
‡Or when, amid the dangers of retreat,
'Twas thine to gather laurels from defeat;
  Firm through the encircling foe to hold thy way,
O'er wilds of hostile shade; through paths unknown to day.
Yet, welcome from the field of fame!
  Oh, welcome, stranger, to a tranquil shore,
Where war hath ceas'd to sadden, but in name,
  And moss-grown trenches point their blaze no more.

  Oh, long,
May injur'd greatness seek reclusion here;
  For every virtue find a votive song,
    For every grief a tear!
And thou, fair partner of thy soldier's care,
Glory's best gift—his Angel in despair!
Think not, the laurel he has won,
  Moist with thy tears, and nurtur'd by thy sigh,
Is sever'd from its native sun,
  So soon to wither, and to die.—
    Ah no—the sacred leaf to guard,
    Shall beauty wake full many a bard,
    And, bending o'er thy pious toil,
    Protect thee with a sister's smile!

LODINUS.

* Mountains in Germany, where several important engagements took place between the army of the Rhine and Moselle, under Moreau, and that of Austria, under the Arch-duke Charles.

† The passage of the Rhine, at Strasburgh, was effected in the night.

‡ Moreau's celebrated retreat of the black forest.

THE VINTAGE FEAST,

To the melody of the Ranz des Vaches.

WHILE ev'ry eye with rapture sparkles
Must grief o'ercloud that angel mein?
Ah! no.
With vine leaves braid the hair that darkles
Round thy fair brow, my Geraldine;
Take from my basket sweetly blushing
Those grapes beneath the foilage flushing,
Press their rich tears with nectar gushing,
And beam with smiles of love.
Then float among the vintage train
To the soft flute's enlivening strain;
O'er mountain, lake, and forest dell,
Wild echo wafts the choral swell.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The correspondence of able writers is respectfully solicited. Communications will be received with gratitude and judged with candour.

We say with the poet:

> Cæribus bene mi Fabulle, apud me,
> Paucis si tibi Di favent, diebus,
> Si tecum atteluris bonam etque magnam
> Cœnam. *Catul. Carm.*

Writers are requested to observe, that all pieces intended for insertion, must be sent before Wednesday morning: if not, they will be liable to omission.

The loss of two numbers by the illness of one of the Editors, will be made up in the course of the volume.

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